

★ GRANDFATHER'S VOYAGE ★  
1799 1801  
★ AROUND THE WORLD. ★



Ecd  
799Tr

E22  
755T



*Presented by*  
*Francis B. Knowlbridge*  
*1899*









HENRY THOREAU.  
AT THE AGE OF 55.

GRANDFATHER'S

11

# Voyage Around the World

IN THE SHIP "BETSEY."

*1799-1801.*

1801.

CHAS. B. BRIM, PRINTERS  
NEW HAVEN





## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE story of the voyage which I narrate I first heard my Grandfather tell when I was a boy of seven or eight years of age. No tale which I listened to in my boyhood days interested me as did the story of my Grandfather's Voyage.

No story had so much of romance and adventure as did the one told to us. Time and again, with his grandchildren sitting around him in the back parlor of the old homestead on Meadow street, he told us of his voyage to the South Pacific. We never tired of listening to it. So great an impression did it make upon us that we could easily see, in our imaginations, the wonderful incidents and persons of which he told us.

For myself, I had a personal acquaintance, in my imagination, with "old Billy

and his goats," could see the "Penguins and Albatrosses" at Falkland Islands; and it seemed as if I could hear the old Commodore shout that "the M-a-l-a-y-s are a coming." All was real to me and to those who listened to the story.

In 1853, four years after the death of my Grandfather, my father carefully and patiently related the voyage to me. I wrote it down word for word in a book which I have carefully preserved.

I now put the narrative into print verbatim, except that I word it as if my Grandfather was telling the story as he did so many years ago.

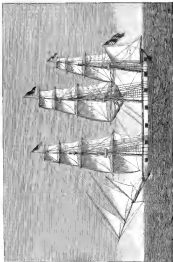
I dedicate the little volume to the descendants of our Grandfather, Henry Frowbridge.

Very truly,

THOMAS R. FROWBRIDGE.



THE GREAT BATTLE



## VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

---

I N my nineteenth year I made up my mind to go to sea, as so many of my companions were doing. I could have gone, if I had wished, with my brother Joseph, who partly owned and commanded a brig which traded to the West Indies, but I wished to go on a long voyage, so that I could learn the duties of a seaman, as I hoped in a few years to own and command a vessel of my own. The ship "Betsey" was at that time (1799) lying at the end of the wharf, fitting out for a sealing voyage to the South Pacific. She was a fine ship, of about 300 tons burden, carrying ten guns and a crew of thirty-two men, including a cooper, carpenter, black-

smith and gunner. William Howell was commander, and was a kinsman of my father. The "Betsy" was just the ship I wished to go in, and as a few more men and boys were needed to make up her complement, I determined to do my best to sail in her. After a long and serious talk with my father, I resolved to go to Captain Howell's house and ask him to give me a chance in his ship. He was a good seaman, a stern disciplinarian on board ship, treated his men well; but expected every man to do his best to earn his wages. He was a "tact man"—that is, he made every man do his duty while aboard his ship. I went up to Captain Howell's house the same evening, and asked him to give me an order to ship. I was a very slender boy at the time, and fearing that I might be rejected on that account, I put on two vests and two jackets to "thicken me up" as much

as possible. My voice trembled when I asked him to ship me. However, after a short talk, he said: "Harry, you may go." I thanked him, bade him "good night," and ran home at the top of my speed and told the family I was going around the world in the "Betsey." My parents were pleased to learn of my good fortune, but my sisters, "Milly and Lucretia, cried and said "they should never see me again." The next morning my father went to a carpenter and ordered a seaman's chest made for me. It was a very large one, fully twice the size of any other on the ship.

The "Betsey" lay at the pier, or what is now the end of the wharf, and a few days before she sailed dropped down into a deeper place. All hands were ordered to be on board early in the morning of the ninth of September, as the ship was to go to sea in the afternoon.

The night before, we "packed my chest," putting in a splendid sea stock, enough to last me the two years which I expected to be away. Billy gave me a ditty box, which she made and filled herself; and each of my sisters and my brother Amos gave me something for my comfort on the voyage. My father gave me nine hundred dollars to lay out in China in silks and China ware to bring home for sale. I had the privilege, as well as those of the crew who wished it, and that was the reason why my father had so large a chest made for me. Very few of the crew availed themselves of the opportunity to do some trading on their own account, nor had any wish to do so. I wished to make some money on the voyage, as well as learn seamanship, and, as I shall show you, I succeeded.

Well, early in the morning I took a boat at the mouth of the creek in front of my father's house, and, with my chest, was



pulled alongside the "Betsey." The mate, a rough, loud-voiced fellow, called out as we got to the gangway. "What the devil have you got there—a church?" I told him that it was "only my chest." "Only your chest! why there isn't room enough in the fore-castle of the ship for it. You better go ashore and get a smaller one." I felt very much grieved, the more so when I thought how carefully my mother and sisters had packed it for me. I said to the mate, "Let me hoist it aboard and I will sleep on it the whole voyage." "Well," he said, "come along with it and be quick about it, as we want to drop down to the mouth of the harbor." My chest was hoisted on board, the top of the fore-castle *pried off*, and at last we got it down on to the floor of the fore-castle and pushed it up into the eyes. I *slept on it* till we reached the Falkland Islands—about *one hundred days*.

The crew all came on board at about the same time and the "Betsey" was got under way and slowly sailed down the harbor.

Nine has always been my fortunate number. It was A. D. 1799, September the ninth, at nine in the morning, aged nine years and nine, when I commenced my voyage around the world.

The shrill whistle of our bo'sun called the men up from the fore-castle, and the mate ordered them to make sail on the ship and get up the anchor. This was soon done, and the "Betsey" commenced her long voyage. It was Sunday morning. We could hear the church bells ringing, and I knew that my family were all going up Meadow Street and across the Green to church. I felt very homesick for a little while, but there was so much to do and everything was so new and strange that I soon got over my homesickness and obeyed

any orders which were given me. We did not stop at the mouth of the harbor, but kept on down by Southwest Lodge and out into the Sound. As Lighthouse Point shut New Haven from our view I again felt homesick, but soon got over it and had no more attacks during the voyage. We had a tedious run down the Sound, and, though the "Betsey" was a good sailing vessel, we were three days getting down to Montauk. After we were through the Race and in the Block Island channel we met our first sea roll. The wind was easterly and quite a heavy sea was coming in. Most of the young men were sick. I was not, however.

One young sailor from North Haven, named Luther Dudley, was so sick that he begged Captain Howell to land him at Stonington, promising him a fine farm if he would only put him ashore. The captain told him it was "too late to talk of

going ashore and that he must go the voyage." Three days afterwards poor Luther fell from the rail and was drowned.

The wind soon came out fair for us and we sailed well out to sea and then headed for Cape Horn. The crew were divided into watches, and I was glad to be put into the captain's watch. The young mate (second) who had charge of it was my friend the whole voyage. I put on my sea duds and in a short time knew how to handle my tin pot and pan as well as the oldest sailor on board. Several of the New Haven vessels had been to the South Pacific to seal, and always stopped at the Cape De Verde Islands to water and take in the salt to cure any skins which they might collect. Our ship, however, took in what salt was needed at New Haven, and so we made no stop at the De Verdes, but sailed on and on, week after week, and month after month.

We met the Trade Winds just where Captain Howell expected to find them, and for more than thirty days we sailed along without touching tack or sheet. It seemed to me that we should never stop sailing and sailing. At last, early one morning, the man on the lookout called, "L-a-n-d, h-o!" This was our twentieth day from New Haven. I was asleep on my chest in the forecabin at the time, but as soon as I heard the welcome words I ran up the ladder, just in time to hear the mate call out, "Where away?" The watch called back, "Two points on the starboard bow." I ran up the shrouds to the top gallant yard and saw, far away on the horizon, a little blue spot, which looked like a cloud; but it was land—the first which we had seen since we lost sight of Montauk Point. We sailed all that day, and at sundown were about twenty miles from land. We took in all

of our light sails, backed the main top sail and hove the ship to till daylight. Few of us younger sailors had any sleep that night, as we were so anxious to see land once more.

At sunrise we were off the Falkland Islands, near to Cape Horn. Captain Howell said that we were *ten thousand* miles from New Haven. He ordered the long boat lowered and told off eight men to pull her ashore. I was one of the eight, and was also the *first* one to jump into the boat as she was hauled to the gangway. I slid down the tackle, I was so anxious to go. Not knowing how long we might be away, we took plenty of provisions and water. I remember that I put the contents of the bread barge and beef kid into a bucket, which was passed into the boat. The captain took the tiller, and away we rowed for the Falkland Islands. It was a long pull of *five* hours.

We were dreadfully tired, but so anxious to step on shore again that we did not mind the fatigue. When we reached the beach we hauled the boat well up and started to explore the island. We found it *entirely* covered with birds' nests of every description; in fact it was a "South Sea rookery." There were the Penguin, Albatross, Gulls, Hawks, Ducks, and many other birds, the names of which we did not know. The whole place was like a village, divided into streets, which were used by the birds. It was difficult to walk without disturbing them. They were not in the least afraid of us, nor did we molest them. The Penguins and Albatrosses marched down and up from the water, two by two, holding up their heads and looking more like a military company than birds. After watching them for some time, we collected a great quantity of eggs, which we put into the boat.

I asked the Captain to allow me to go over to the other side of the Island. He gave me permission to do so; and another young sailor and I started out to explore the place. We found the whole Island thickly settled with birds, which were not in the least afraid of us. On the bank of a small brook we saw a large animal about the size of an ox. It was asleep, and I crept up behind it and gave it a hard blow on its head. It fell over, as we supposed, dead. We then ran back and told Captain Howell of our adventure. He said it was a Sea-Horse, and went with us to see it. When we reached the spot it had got back into the sea. The Captain at first thought we had told him a yarn, but changed his mind when he saw blood on the ground and my club lying beside it. We all went back to the boat, launched it, and after catching several dozen ducks, began our long pull



back to the ship. After rowing more than five hours we got alongside, but I was so tired I could not climb up the ladder. A rope was lowered, made fast to me, and I was hoisted up on deck. As soon as the boat was secured to the davits we made sail, and bore away for Cape Horn and Mas-a-luera, where we were to catch our seals.

On New Year's day, 1800, we passed the Cape and met the long Pacific swell. The weather was fair, but the roll of the sea was tremendous—a pleasant change from the stormy Atlantic. The day before we lost by death one of our best sailors, an old Englishman. He was buried the next morning, Captain Howell reading a prayer and making some appropriate remarks. After the ceremony, as was the custom, the effects of the sailor were put up at auction. I bought a copy of "Hamilton Moore," which I have kept

ever since, and from it I learned navigation.

We steered for the Island of Masafuera, which was to be our scaling ground, and after many days' sailing, just at dark, we heard the lookout call "Land, ho!" It was too late to do anything that night, so we lay off and on and waited till daylight came.

All hands turned out early the next morning, and after breakfast the long boat was lowered and ten men got into her. I was one of the number. We rowed some five miles before we reached the shore. The sea was rolling in very heavily, and just as we were going to beach her a big sea caught and capsized her. Three of our boat's crew were drowned; the remaining seven gained the shore, entirely exhausted. We felt very sorry to lose our men. The reason they were drowned was because of the sleeve

links to their shirts. In order to swim easier they tried to throw off their shirts, but when they got them over their heads their links would not let them slip off, nor could they pull their shirts back again, so they were helpless and were lost. Another boat was sent ashore to our relief.

On the island were eight sailors who had been left there the year before by another ship, which was owned by the firm which owned the "Betsey." These men had spent all of their time collecting seal skins to have ready for the "Betsey" when she should arrive. They had worked hard and had gathered over fifty thousand skins. When we met them they were all clothed with skins, and the tents in which they were living were also made of seal skins.

When we arrived at Masachuera we discovered a Rhode Island sealing ship

there, laying off and on. The Captain of this ship had told our eight men that the "Betsey" was not to come out for the skins which they had collected, and that he had been sent instead for the skins. Our men readily believed him and had already sent about 14,000 skins aboard of her when we arrived.

Captain Howell at once sent word to the Captain of the Rhode Island ship to return the skins. This he said he would not do. Our Captain sent him word that if he did not at once begin to send the skins ashore he would fire into him. By this time the two ships were within hailing distance. The Rhode Island man still refused to give up the skins, and Captain Howell told me to fire the after gun—a six pounder. Just as I was bringing down the match to the touch-hole, the Rhode Island Captain called out that he would return the skins.

The next day the seal skins were sent ashore, and afterwards they were sent to the "Betsey." We then began to catch the seals, and for *three* months the ship lay off and on, as there was no place to anchor at Nas-a-tuera. Sometimes the ship would stand out to sea and be gone for a week, then returning would, if calm weather, lie with her sails aback. It was hard work on shore, but better than the dull life on board. We were obliged to have watch and watch—so many days on shore and so many days on board. It was the custom in those days to give the crew a glass of grog twice a day—morning and afternoon. I never used it, but gave my allowance to an old sailor on condition that he should give me lessons in seamanship and instruct me in navigation. This he did so well that before we reached China I could navigate the ship as well as any man on board of her.

We were lucky in catching seals, and at the end of three months had about one hundred and ten thousand stored away in the hold of the "Betsey." At last she was ready to proceed on her voyage. New sails were bent and all preparations made to sail in the afternoon. A boat was sent to the shore for some things which had been forgotten. I was one of the men sent in her. We got the things, and were rowing off to the ship, when a sudden heavy squall sprung up. We began to drift, and soon lost sight of both ship and land. After drifting two hours the squall passed away, and we found that we had been driven to the other side of the Island. As soon as we landed we hauled the boat well up on the beach and then looked around us. We saw smoke rising from one of the high hills in the centre of the Island, so we started and walked towards it, and

at last reached the top. There we found a large hut, made of goat skins, and saw sitting on a bench inside, an old man dressed in goat skins, with a great goat skin hat on his head. There were five of us, and all asked me to be spokesman, so we went into the hut and I asked the old man if we could stay with him that night. He said "Yes," and went out, and killed and dressed a young kid, cooked it and gave it to us. He made beds for us out of goat skins and gave us the best of what he had. I asked him to tell us how he came there, how long he had been there, etc. He said his name was Billy; that in 1781 (the year I was born) he ran away from an English ship-of-war which stopped at the island. He had expected to marry a girl in England, but just before the wedding was to take place she jilted him; so he resolved to turn *brat*. He shipped on

an English man-of-war, intending to run away as soon as she touched at some of the islands in the South Pacific. The chance occurred when the ship touched at this Island and sent a boat ashore. Billy was one of the boat's crew, and, watching his opportunity, ran off into the woods, and the ship sailed without him. He told us that we were the first men he had seen since he ran away, *seventeen* years before.

At sunrise the next morning I went to the edge of the hill to look for the "Betsey." While I was looking I saw what I at first thought must be an army. I ran into the hut and called Billy to come out. When he saw what I pointed at, he said that they were his goats. There were hundreds of them. They all marched down in pairs to a brook, when, after drinking, they marched back again in the same order. We saw the "Betsey"



off the land, standing in for us. So, after eating breakfast with Billy, we bade him good-bye and started over the hills for the shore. It was a long walk, but we finally reached the beach and made a fire which was seen by those on the ship. A boat was sent to us, and after picking up our other boat, we were taken on board. I told Captain Howell about Billy and our visit to his hut. He sent him a quantity of ship bread, pork, beef and sugar, which Billy was very glad to receive. As soon as the boat came back we hoisted her up and squared away for the Sandwich Islands, where we were to stop on our voyage to China.

Lines written on my voyage around the world.

*We doubled Cape Horn by the aid of each breeze,  
And more calmly we reached the Pacific Seas  
In our voyage to China what happy days passed—  
We visited the Islands where Cook breathed his last*

We arrived at Honolulu after a good passage, and anchored the "Betsy" for the *first* time since leaving New Haven, as at the other places we were obliged to lie off and on. As soon as we anchored our guns were all cleaned and loaded, and muskets and pikes laid in handy places. Captain Cooke, the English explorer, had been killed at this place only a few years before; and as the natives were cunning and treacherous, all ships which visited these islands were obliged to keep constant guard against surprises by the Kanakas.

We commenced to clean and paint the ship, overhaul the rigging, mend sails, etc. One day, while hard at work, we saw a large canoe, filled with men, coming to the ship, and soon learned that King Kamehameha was to pay us a visit. As soon as the canoe got to the gangway the King scrambled on to the deck with a

few of his men, as Captain Howell would allow but a portion of them to come on board at a time. The King had on an old soldier coat and hat, and a waist cloth; the rest of his body was entirely naked. We gave him some bread and molasses. He squatted down on deck and ate it, lapping up the molasses with his fingers. Captain Howell gave the King a quantity of iron and ropes in exchange for a number of pigs and bullocks.

We remained in Honolulu fifteen days, and put the ship in splendid order, and at last, one fine morning, sailed for Canton. We had a long passage, but finally made the China coast and anchored in the river on which Canton is situated. As foreign vessels were not allowed to anchor near the city, we were obliged to anchor fifteen miles down the river. Our object was to sell our seal skins and bring

home their value in teas, silks, Nankeens and Chinaware.

The day after we anchored Captain Howell said to me:

"Harry, go below and dress yourself in your best clothes."

I did so, and went on deck to show myself to him, and I will say that I was as handsome a sailor boy as there was on Canton river.

Captain Howell looked me well over, and I heard him say:

"He will do."

He then said to me:

"Harry, I have seen on the voyage that when you have not been working you have been busy at your books, and I am going to reward you for it. I have decided to take you ashore to the factory to be my clerk. You will check everything that comes out of the ship as well as everything which we

will take in; I know that I can trust you."

This was a long speech for our Captain to make. I was proud to be chosen to be his clerk, and told him so. I then went forward and told the crew of my good luck, put most of my best clothes into my bag, and took the nine hundred dollars which my father gave me to invest in China, and went on deck all ready to go ashore. The boat was brought to the gangway, the men got into her and handled the oars.

Captain Howell took his seat aft, and I, as usual, took my seat and pushed out my oar, ready to pull away. Captain Howell said:

"No, *Mr. Trowbridge*, come aft and sit with me."

I obeyed him, and we pulled up the river for over an hour, when we landed at the factory and made the necessary

arrangements for landing the skins. In a few days they were loaded and delivered to the purchasers, and we began to buy our homeward cargo.

One day we were at leisure, and a young American who was at the factory, proposed that we should go up to Canton and get inside of the walls. This was considered, at that time, almost an impossible thing to do. We were very anxious to get into the city, and asked Long, our Chinese interpreter, if we could do it. He said:

"No; you cannot, as the people would crowd you out."

However, we determined to try it, and went up to Canton, where, seeing a gate open, we walked in and went up a street for about an eighth of a mile. Suddenly the streets were crowded with Chinese of all ages, men and women. It was impossible for us to move, so dense was

the crowd. They were excited, and continually shouted: "Hong-long! Allong! Ling!" etc., the meaning of which we knew not at the time; but since have learned that it meant, "Foreign devils are among us!"

We wondered what we could do, when it occurred to me to throw some of our cash into the crowd. This we did, throwing it away *from* the road to the gate. We made slow progress, as when the crowd ran for the coins we would work backwards toward the gate. At last we had but one small handful left. This we threw with all of our might, and as the Chinamen ran one way we ran the other, and gained the gate. We were completely exhausted by our hard work, and were obliged to lie down on the ground outside to recover our breath.

We went back to the factory and told our Compradore about our visit to the

city. He was surprised, and said we were the first Americans who had ever been inside the gate, and he wondered that we were not pressed to death. He said nothing but throwing the cash saved us.

We began to receive the cargo for the "Betsey," and every night saw her grow deeper in the water, and we began to think more of home, and all seemed in a hurry to get there. A few nights before our ship was loaded a riot took place among the Chinamen who were employed at our factory. They did some damage, and we were afraid that they would do more. I was very much afraid, as my own goods were in the factory ready for me to carry on board the last day. I had invested the nine hundred dollars in the best style of China goods, such as silks, Nankens, and several sets of China ware, so I was alarmed as to the safety of my property.



I knew it was an effort for my father to raise so much money to risk with me. Almost every one in New Haven was poor at the time of my voyage, as the War of the Revolution had wasted much of the property of every one in the United States, and few had recovered from the hard times. I was determined to protect my property, so we asked our Compradore what we had better do. He said we must rush out, catch some of them and give them a good flogging. We rushed out into the yard, caught some of the Chinamen by their long queues and dragged them into the factory. We then asked the old Compradore what we should do.

He said: "Cobb them."

So we put each one across a water cask, one of us holding their heads while others held their feet. The old Compradore then gave them a severe thrashing

with a bamboo rod. After a few had been clobbered we turned them out into the street. We saw them talking to the others, and in a few minutes they all cleared out and we saw no more of them.

After we had been in Canton three months the "Betsey" was loaded, and got ready for the homeward voyage. The day we were to sail the boat was sent to the factory to carry the Captain and me off to the ship. I had on my best clothes, and had almost forgotten that I was a sailor. However, as soon as I stepped on deck the mate called to me to "go below and take off those 'long togs.'"

I went below, changed my clothes, put on my greasy old sailor togs, stowed away all of my goods, and then I knew why my father had such a *great* chest made for me. The Captain took

my big cedar wood writing desk into his cabin and kept it until we arrived at New Haven.

The next morning we got under way and began our homeward voyage. We sailed for many weeks. The ship was foul, and we made slow progress. Finally we entered the Straits of Malacca, and when about half way through, the "Betsey" touched on a reef and knocked off her rudder pin. We immediately let go an anchor and took in all of our sails and waited for morning.

Early the next day the blacksmith took his forge ashore, built a fire and soon made a new pin. The rudder was unbung and the damage repaired. A fine river of water was found near to the beach, and Captain Howell ordered some of us to tow the water casks ashore and fill them. Our cooper went with us to examine the casks. He had an immense

nose, through which he talked. He had a powerful voice, and was called Commodore by the crew. After the casks were coopered we rolled them to the stream and stationed Commodore on top of one to watch for any Malays, whom we feared might be hidden in the woods. The stream where we were to fill the casks was about an eight of a mile from the boat.

We began to fill up the hogsheds, and all were hard at work, when we heard Commodore cry out at the top of his voice:

"The M-a-l-a-y-s are a coming! The M-a-l-a-y-s are a coming!"

We dropped everything and ran for the boat. My legs were short, and I could not run as fast as the rest. Every minute I expected to have a Malay catch me or else shoot an arrow at me. However, we got to the boat, jumped in

any way and shoved her into deep water. We saw only two Malays, but as we thought others were hiding in the woods, we rowed off to the ship and reported to Captain Howell. We told him if we went back we must have arms. He ordered a four-pounder placed in the bow of the boat, gave us each a musket and sent us back to the beach.

We soon reached the shore, when we saw several Malays, all armed with bows and spears. We made signs to them that we were hungry and wished something to eat. Some of them ran into the woods and soon came back bringing several dozen fowls and a young bullock, for which we gave them some old iron hoops and pieces of broken glass bottles. They were pleased to get any old things we had. I gave the oldest one an old horn button, which he showed to all his fellows as if it was a precious stone. We

then filled the casks and hoisted them off to the ship. It was very hard work, and I was glad when it was over.

Early the next morning we hoisted our anchor for the last time till we should get home, set our sails, and sailed through the Straits of Malacca, across the Indian Ocean, past the Cape of Good Hope, back again into the Atlantic Ocean.

We had some heavy gales on our way home. One afternoon I was at work on the main yard of the ship; she rolled so that the end of the yard touched the sea at every roll. It was all I could do to hang on as she rolled; one time I almost touched an immense whale that rose alongside. It was more than half the length of the ship.

We sailed and sailed towards the West, which it seemed we should never reach. When we crossed the Gulf Stream we

began to think we were getting near home. Most of us overhauled our things and put our chests in order, throwing away a good many of our old sea togs, which we thought we would be ashamed to have our folks see when we reached home.

At noon one day our lookout cried out the welcome words:

"Land, ho!"

We could see nothing from the deck, but I went up to the fore-topmast cross-trees, and could just make out land. We ran for it, and found it was the Highlands of Navesink.

At daylight the next day we sailed through New York harbor and proceeded up the Sound. We were off the harbor at New Haven at daylight the next day. As soon as we were as far as the beach we began to fire our largest guns and set a color at each masthead.

Soon the townspeople came down to the wharf, hearing that the "Betsey" was home from China. The church bells were rung, and the Artillery Company fired a salute at the head of the wharf. When we were a few hundred feet from the end of the wharf we dropped an anchor, and our voyage was ended.

We had been *one hundred and eighty* days from Canton—a long, long passage.

My father was at the wharf to meet me. I saw him among his fellow-citizens—many of whom shook him warmly by the hand, saying:

"Good news, Mr. Trowbridge, your son has come home."

After meeting my father we went home, and found all of my family well and glad to see me. The next day I carted my chest home, unpacked it and gave a present to each of my parents and brothers and sisters.



In a short time I disposed of the merchandise which I brought home. For it I received about eighteen hundred dollars, and as it cost me nine hundred dollars, I exactly doubled my money. When I gave the sum to my father he handed it back to me, and told me that as I had earned it by my good conduct, to keep all of the profit. So I took the nine hundred dollars and put it away in the New Haven bank till the time should come when I could use it in my own ship.

So ends my voyage to the South Pacific and China.



## APPENDIX.

### A.

The house where Grandfather lived at that time still stands (1895) on the south-west corner of Columbus avenue and Water street. It was one of the *first* houses built of brick in New Haven. Great Grandfather Rutherford Frowbridge built it about about 1770. It attracted the attention of the British General, Garth, at the invasion of New Haven in 1783, and would have been rifled and burned if it had not been for the intercession of Captain Rice, who was a firm friend of Rutherford Frowbridge and a staunch Tory. General Garth was his guest when he noticed the house.

## B

The chest, which is a very large one, is in the attic of my mother's house on Elm street. The buckets which Grandfather ran in each elect are still there, as perfect as they were nearly a century ago. Properly stowed, it would hold a vast amount of clothing, silks, etc. No wonder the mate of the "Betsey" asked "if it was a church."

## C

At that time there were but five bells in New Haven which could be rung.

## D

Hamilton Moore was the great English authority regarding ships and navigation. The book in question is now owned by the writer. For many years, when any

questions regarding ships, their handling or rigging, etc., arose, my Grandfather would invariably say: "Let us see what Hamilton Moore says about it."

## E

Many Rhode Island vessels were engaged in the sealing voyages at that period, principally hailing from Bristol. Many, too, were owned in Salem and Boston.

## F

When the "Betsey" visited the Sandwich Islands it was only twenty-two years after the massacre of Captain Cook. The Islanders were a savage, cruel set, and few of the ships allowed their crews to go ashore unless a guard went with them. The natives were treacherous, and

always ready to attack a boat's crew if opportunity offered.

### G

Considerable of the Chinaware which Grandfather purchased is still in existence. Many of the family have one or more pieces. The design he drew himself, the Eagle and the American Shield. The punch bowl which belonged to his set was (my father told me) a beautiful, rich-colored piece of Chinaware. Not many years before his death, Grandfather, in reaching up to take it from the top shelf in his China closet to show to the family, dropped it, breaking it into hundreds of pieces. He mourned over it as long as he lived.

### H

The "Factory" was merely a store house where vessels of foreign nations

sold and bought cargoes, and if necessary, stored them. Each nation had its own factory.

## I

The cedar writing desk is still in the best of condition—as fair as the day it was made. It is of “heroic” size. It may well be called “my big writing desk.” It is owned by the writer.

## J

Grandfather, though a tall man, had rather short legs, but, at the same time, a powerful frame. He was as handsome a man as ever walked our streets. When he visited other cities people would often turn to look at him. Shortly before his death, in 1849, he measured five feet ten and one-half inches, and weighed two

hundred and sixty-two pounds. I well remember once seeing him walk up the middle aisle of the Center Church to his seat. He wore a black coat, Nankeen trousers and vest, ruffled shirt, white stock, and carried his white beaver hat and gold-headed cane in his right hand.

## K.

It was the custom of sailors returning from long voyages to throw overboard whatever they had that they no longer needed. The same was practiced by whalers, only that they threw overboard more valuable stuff. When the last whale was tried up, everything in the shape of furnaces, brick work, try pots, etc., was thrown over the side of the ship.

## L.

In the days of the sealing ships it was the custom in New Haven to give them



a welcome when they arrived home. The church bells were rung and a salute fired by the Artillery Company. Several of our former old citizens have told me that they well remembered the salutes which were given to returning sailing ships. New Haven at the time of Grandfather's voyage had only about 4,800 inhabitants, and as the crews were mostly shipped in the town, the interest in the ships was, of course, very great.

## MI

The family of which Grandfather speaks of finding well were his parents, two brothers and six sisters. His brother Joseph, who commanded a large West Indian trader, was at sea when my Grandfather returned. Joseph sailed from New Haven in February, 1804, in company with two other brigs. All were

bound for West India ports, and each had a full deck load of stock. They met a severe gale of wind shortly after they sailed. Not one of the three brigs were ever heard of again.

---

The picture of the "Betsey" is copied from an engraving of her which appears in Fanning's *Voyages*, Captain Fanning having commanded her several years after Grandfather left her.

---

The monogram stamped on the cover is reproduced from a pearl seal which Grandfather had cut in Canton, China, in 1800. It was carefully mounted many years ago, and is now in possession of the author.















2014 UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



3 9002 03097 2138

